

knee, hands raised, and face upturned. The stigmata are being impressed by rays, coming from some point outside the picture. Not being a fearless idealist, Gozzoli probably did not dare paint the wonderful vision of Christ, which was seen on this occasion by St. Francis and the hidden brother. In the background on the left is the Saint's little hut, where he spent those forty days alone and fasting; and the ravine which separated him from the monastery is bridged over in the distance by the tree trunk, miraculously placed there for his necessity.

"The entrance of St. Augustine into the Grammar School." This is a charming picture. Splendid buildings with arched loggias fill the background; one seems to be at the end of a street, looking down it. On the left is St. Monica, bringing in her small son, a chubby, boyish little fellow in a pleated frock. The Master, rather a forbidding personage in a dark robe and Florentine headdress, strokes the child's chubby cheeks. Behind him are two schoolboys whispering together; one has his book and pen, and both looking mischievous. Behind them again—that is, further to the right—there is a round, fat babe, shirt well turned up, being held pick-a-back, while another severe-faced master birches him warmly—much to the child's discontent! A glimpse can be caught, too, of the children in the school beyond.

"Legend of St. Augustine by the seashore." Another delightful child is in this picture. The legend of St. Augustine walking on the seashore and puzzling vainly over the mysteries of God is well known. The picture shows the angelic child, trowel in hand, trying, equally in vain, to empty the sea into his little puddle. There is a gentle look of rebuke on his upturned childish face, as who should say: "Neither canst *thou* hope to understand God's mysteries."

WORK AMONG THE DOMICILED EUROPEAN COMMUNITY IN INDIA.

From the above heading I do not mean to convey the idea that I am going to tell you of this work throughout India, but only of the St. Andrew's Colonial Homes, Kalimpong, where I have been for the last three years. Before coming out I knew very little about the work. My sister, who is a nurse in the Mission Hospital here, wrote telling me that a lady teacher was required in the school at the Colonial Homes. These Homes had been started by Dr. Graham for Eurasians and poor European children at the suggestion of some friends, who felt the need of such an institution where children could be trained in a healthy atmosphere both morally and physically.

I should like first to tell you a little of my own work, then afterwards to give you a general idea of the whole. The children are sent up at all ages; they know very little English—in fact, some of them have to start with the alphabet. For the first two years I had a mixed class, equivalent to Standard III. at home, of over thirty children, whose ages ranged from 10 to 19 years. You can imagine it is not a little difficult to teach children of such varied ages. The principal part of our time is given to English. The inspectors insist on a thorough knowledge of it, and the children cannot expect a situation with a decent salary in India without it. Dr. Graham tries to get most of them posts in New Zealand on farms. At present I have a class of thirty-two in Standard II. Our hours are from 9 a.m. till 12, then lunch, with work again from 1.30 till 4 p.m. We get away from Friday till Monday morning, and have nothing to do with the children out of school. We have four masters for the upper classes and six mistresses, two for the kindergarten.

One thing that the children are good at and fond of is

arithmetic, and they are also very amenable and easily influenced. The masters give them drill and organise games for the boys, such as football, cricket, tennis, etc.

Dr. Graham has adopted a system similar in some respects to Dr. Barnado's. For instance, the children live in cottages, about thirty in each, and are looked after by a house mother and an assistant called "Auntie." In these cottages the children are trained to clean, wash, cook, and do every kind of household work. No native or any kind of servant is kept. There are various societies of which many of them are members, such as the Scripture Union, the Christian Endeavour, and for the girls Y.W.C.A. At the present time there are over 300 children, and two more cottages are being built. I have seen the opening of four since I came, and the applications for admittance are more than Dr. Graham has room for. The work is very interesting, and the visitors remark on the happy, healthy appearance of the children. The Home celebrated its tenth anniversary this year. The buildings are beautifully situated and stand at an elevation of 4,500 feet. Looking down we see Kalimpong, which is about two miles away and 500 feet below. On the right is a magnificent view of the Snows, with Kinchinjunga towering above them. Darjiling can be easily seen on one of the ridges. It is thirty miles by road, but if we had an aeroplane we could get there in a few minutes.

MARION BEATTY.

LIST OF PLANTS REQUIRED IN THE SCALE HOW BOTANICAL GARDENS.

(FIRST INSTALMENT.)

Ranunculacæ.—*Adonis autumnalis* (pheasant's eye), *Myosurus minimus* (mousetail).

Berberidæ.—*Berberis danorium*, *Matronia aquifolium*, *Matronia hybrida*.

Nymphacæ.—*Nymphæa alba* (white water lily).

Papaveracæ.—*Papaver somniferum* (opium poppy), *Chelidonium majus* (common celandine), *Eschscholtzia californica*, *Bocconia cordifolia*.

Fumariacæ.—*Corydalis lutea* (yellow corydal), *Corydalis claviculata* (climbing corydal), *Corydalis bulbosa* (bulbous corydal).

Cruciferæ.—*Arabis turrita* (tower cress), *Cardamine pratensis* (lady's smock), *Hesperis matronalis* (Dame's violet), *Erysimum cheiranthoides* (Treacle mustard), *Camelina sativa* (gold of pleasure), *Lepidium campestre* (Mithridate pepperwort), *Isatis tinctoria* (Woad), *Honesty*.

Resedacæ.—*Reseda luteola* (weld, yellow weed), *Reseda alba* (white mignonette), *Reseda odorata* (sweet mignonette).

Cistacæ.—*Cistus ladaniferus* (?) (gum cistus), *Cistus florentinus*, *Cistus purpureus*, *Helianthemum polifolium* (white cistus), *Sun cistus*.

Polygalacæ.—*Polygala purpurea*, *Polygala paucifolia*, *Polygala chamabuxus*.

Caryophyllacæ.—*Dianthus cæsius* (Cheddar Pink), *Dianthus prolifera* (proliferous Pink), *Silene nutans* (Nottingham catchfly), *Moenchia erecta* (upright Moenchia), *Agrostemma githago* (corn cockle), *Polycarpon tetraphyllum* (four-leaved Polycarp), *Honckenya peploides* (sea purslane).

Portulacacæ.—*Claytonia perfoliata* (perfoliate Claytonia), *Claytonia alsinoides*, *Portulaca grandiflora*, *Calandrinia elegans*.

Tamariscineæ.—*Tamarix gallica* (common tamarise).

Rutacæ.—*Dictanunus fraxinella* (white and coloured dittany).

Hypericineæ.—*Hypericum perforatum* (perforated S. John's Wort), *H. humifusum* (trailing S. J. W.), *H. pulchrum* (slender S. J. W.), *H. Elodes* (marsh S. J. W.).

Linacæ.—*Linum perenne* (perennial flax), *L. angustifolium* (pale flax), *L. usitatissimum* (common flax), *L. catharticum* (cathartic flax), *L. flavium* (yellow flax), *Radiola millegrana* (all seed).

Malvaceæ.—*Malva rotundifolia* (dwarf mallow), *Sidalcea malvifolia*, *Malope grandiflora*, *Hibiscus Squacus*.

Geraniaceæ.—*Erodium cicutarium* (common stork's bill), *Erodium moschatum* (musk stork's bill), *Erodium maritimum* (sea stork's bill), *Oxalis corniculata* (yellow woodsorrel), *Impatiens parviflorum* (small flowered touch-me-not).

Rhamnaceæ.—*Rhamnus alaternus*.

Leguminosæ.—Calvary clover, *Melilotus officinalis* (common melilot), *Hippocrepis comosa* (horse-shoe), *Onobrychis sativa* (sainfoin).

Rosaceæ.—*Sanguisorba officinalis* (great burnet), *Rosa centifolia* (cabbage rose), *Rosa indica*, York and Lancaster rose.

Onagraceæ.—*Ænothera biennis* (evening primrose), *Æ. youngii*, *Æ. macrocarpa*, *Æ. lamarckiana*, *Clarkia elegans*, *Fuchsia globosa*.

Crassulaceæ.—*Cotyledon umbilicus* (pennywort), *Sedum roseum*, *S. album* (white stonecrop), *S. anglicum* (English stonecrop), *S. rupestre* (rock stonecrop), *S. spectabile*.

Saxifragaceæ.—*Ribes sanguineum* (scarlet ribs), *Megaria crassifolia*.

Umbelliferae.—*Sison Amomum* (Bastard Stone Parsley), *Carum segetum* (corn carum), *Pimpinella saxifraga* (burnet saxifrage), *Bupleurum rotundifolium* (hare's ear, throw wax).

Campanulaceæ.—*Lobelia cardinalis*, *Phyteuma orbiculare*, *Campanula carpathica*, *Jasione montana* (sheep's bit), *Campanula Cœspitosa* (?) (= *C. Glomerata* perhaps).

Ericaceæ.—*Vaccinium Myrtillus* (common bilberry), *Menziesia polifolia* (St. Dabeoc's Heath), *Erica ciliaris* (ciliated Heath), *Erica vagans* (Cornish Heath), *Pyrola rotundifolia* (larger Wintergreen), *Monotropa Hypopithys* (yellow bird's nest).

Primulaceæ.—*Anagallis arvensis* (common scarlet pimpernel), *Centunculus minimus* (chaffweed).

Apocynaceæ.—*Vinca major* (larger Periwinkle), *Vinca acutifolia*.

A FORTNIGHT IN HOLLAND.

Holland—Dogs—Windmills—Bulbs—Candles—Cheeses. Sleepily my mind wandered on, following the law of association of ideas, till all at once I was startled out of my lethargy by the sudden inspiration: "I shall go there for my next holiday!" At once my thoughts became practical: "What books are likely to help with my plan? How much will it cost? Which towns shall I visit?" And numerous similar questions filled my mind, for I was very vague about it all. However, I studied Baedeker thoroughly. I read "A Wanderer in Holland," by E. V. Lucas; "The Botor Chaperone" and "I will Maintain," by Marjorie Bowen. For art I studied Buxton and Poynter, but my chief debt of gratitude is due to one Bode, who wrote "The Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Art," which has been translated from the German and is a most helpful and inspiring piece of work. Motley thrilled me with his history and made me impatient to be in the land and among the people of William the Silent.

The 18th of April saw me in Rotterdam with a friend who had suffered considerably more from the eight-hour Queen-boro' to Flushing crossing than I had, but who was, nevertheless, determined to cast off all retrospect, and keen to enter into the life and interests of the land she had suffered so much to see.

Rotterdam fascinated us with its immense traffic. The rivers, canals, and harbours teemed with bustle and energy; and from the little grubby steam tugs and ferries darting up and down, to the great ocean liners lying at rest or discharging cargo, all was commotion and industry.

One afternoon we took a steamboat down the Maas to Dordrecht. In the distance the fields stretched in endless vistas of green, meeting at the horizon in misty atmosphere. The big sky with soft white clouds covered us like a great protecting wing, and the sun, shining gloriously, drew all

into one golden harmony. The river Maas, broad and peaceful, rippled round us and bore, as well as ourselves, many boats, barges, and rafts on her broad bosom.

Delft, to which we devoted another afternoon, is a sleepy, charming town. Here one is thrilled to see the actual spot where the great William the Silent was shot through the heart, and to picture, with Motley's help, the exact circumstances of that foul murder.

From Rotterdam we went on to the Hague, where we spent three nights. It is a very attractive town, beautifully planned and kept. Here, in the Mauritshuis, are many treasures of art: Jan Steen is seen perhaps at his best; Gerard Dou has a gem of colour and workmanship in "The Young Mother"; Rembrandt's famous "School of Anatomy," and Paul Potter's world-famed "Bull," are here, and that charming artist Jan Vermeer has some beautiful work. It is a museum to visit often and linger long over, but we, who had only a fortnight, must perforce push on.

We left The Hague by steam tram, which we took as far as Leyden. From the steam tram one really sees Holland and learns to love it. The noisy little engine, followed by two cars, puffs along the country roads, by the banks of canals, across the green meadows, past farmhouses and windmills, through fields of bulbs, up the village streets, stops for a few moments in the market-place for change of passenger, then on it goes once more, the conductor clanging a bell or blowing a whistle to clear people and traffic out of its way. Leyden is quaint and interesting, and the country between it and Amsterdam, through which we passed in the train, is gay with bulbs, and at its best at the end of April. Hyacinths in brilliant patches of red, blue, white and delicate pink; crimson and flame-coloured tulips, and fields of dancing daffodils greet the eye as one passes. Piles of cut and half-withered flower heads are thrown into the canals and float gently down in rich spots of colour. Haarlem, the centre of the Dutch horticultural trade, is reached in half an hour by

electric tram from Amsterdam, and well repays a visit. The town itself is old-world and interesting. Frans Hals is seen here at his best, and the surrounding fields of bulbs wafting their delicious scents in every direction make it a never-to-be-forgotten visit.

Amsterdam is a very attractive city and a splendid centre for many delightful trips. The numerous electric trams, steamboats, and trains made these both cheap and easy. A very favourite trip is to the so-called Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee. Momkendam, Marken, Volendam, and Edam, once influential seaport towns, now sleepy, picturesque villages, are visited on one trip, the costumes and dwellings of the people being very quaint and retaining many peculiarly Dutch characteristics.

Alkmaar, where the famous cheese market is held every Friday, is quite worth a visit, and it is pleasant if one has time on the way back to stop at Zaandam and take a stroll through this very typically Dutch village. In this neighbourhood the windmills abound, and from the train window one sees them in every size and variety, the little ones whizzing madly round sixteen to the dozen, the big ones revolving with a measured and self-conscious serenity.

The Rijks Museum in Amsterdam took most of our spare time there: it has a very fine collection of Dutch masters, the genre artists, the landscape, and the still life artists all being well represented.

We found the Dutch people invariably friendly and charming. They seemed to be quite eager to help us in all sorts of small ways and were always courteous and pleasant to deal with. We did not know any Dutch at all, and found English was very generally understood, though German was no doubt very useful to us.

To descend to the practical plane of £ s. d., it may interest readers to know that this fortnight cost each of us exactly £9 including the return fare from London to Amsterdam. We went to Pensions and not hotels, we travelled second

class, and we saved endless expense, time and trouble by only taking what baggage we could ourselves carry. We were not extravagant, but we were quite comfortable and had enough money (out of our £9) to go to the theatre and opera and to indulge in postcards, pictures, and small bits of pottery.

In The Hague I can thoroughly recommend Pension Geirndert, 125, Laan van Meerdervoort; and in Amsterdam, Pension Lutki Leidsche, Kade 85d. For ladies who are content to live quite simply I would recommend the Huis voor Vrouwen, Prinsengracht 439, Amsterdam. It is very simple and unpretentious, spotlessly clean, and has every ordinary comfort. It is half the price of any ordinary pension, is in a central position, and the food is cooked and served nicely. It corresponds to a Girls' Friendly Lodge in this country, but has no tiresome regulations. I give a sketch of our tour as it may help others; we found it worked very satisfactorily:—

Rotterdam, two nights: Delft, Dordrecht, environs.

The Hague, three nights: Scheveningen, environs.

Amsterdam, seven nights: Dead Cities of Zuyder Zee, Alkmaar, Haarlem, environs.

Flushing, one night (in order to catch day boat).

Our fortnight was over all too soon, and we left Flushing with reluctant hearts and sadly bid good-bye to the low Dutch coast. It was over—the kindly intercourse, the ready help, the laughter and the sunshine, the windmills, and the dogs; the visits to the pictures, each with its own message, its special appeal; the soft breezy hours on the canals and the fascination of their traffic. They were all over in one sense, but in the more lasting sense they had just begun, for oft—

“They flash upon that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude:

And then my heart with pleasure fills

And dances. . . .”

ELIZABETH A. SMITH.